'Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir.
Per. Euen as my life, or blood that fosters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it please your Maiesty.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Queens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles, and giues Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she reioyces: she and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,

Fame answering the most stran
To'th Court of King *Symonide*
Are letters brought, the tenou
Antiochus and his daughter's
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he wi
The mutany, he there hastes t'
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice six M
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the sur
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irony shed the Regions round
And euery one with claps can
Our heyre apparant is a King
Who dreampt? who thought
Briefe, he must hence depart to
His Queene with childe, mak
VVhich who shall crosse alon
Omit we all their dole and wo
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to sea; then vessell sha
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the
Hath their Keele cut: but fort
Varies againe, the grisiee Nor
Disgorges such a tempest fort
That as a Ducke for life that d
So vp and downe the poore sh
The Lady shreekes, and well-a
Doth fall in trauaile with her
And what ensues in this selfe
Shall for it selfe, it selfe perfor
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay
VVhich might not? what by
In your imagination hold:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND